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THE MONTHLY CHAPBOOK is published by the Poetry Bookshop between the 10th and 20th of each month.

It replaces the quarterly, POETRY AND DRAMA, the publication of which was suspended at the end of 1914.

THE MONTHLY CHAPBOOK is a periodical miscellany. A different cover is designed for each number.

Its chief object is to provide a record of the poetry and drama of the day. Thus it publishes critical surveys of new literature, anthologies of poetry, small collections of poems or single long poems by individual authors, articles on the drama and plays, bibliographies, etc.

The following is a rough scheme (subject to alterations) for the half-year ending December, 1919 :—

July.—Twenty-three New Poems by Contemporary Poets.

August.—Decoration in the Theatre, by Albert Rutherston.

September.—Poems newly decorated : being an Anthology of miscellaneous poems of the past, decorated by artists of the present.

October.—Some French Poets of To-Day. A commentary with specimens and translations, by F. S. Flint.

November.—Annotated Bibliography of Poetry, Drama, etc., published during the past year, together with list of authors who have published books during the past five years.

December.—A collection of Songs, with Music.

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The Old by permission of the Rev. Conrad Noel.)*



Song for a Dance

SHAKE off your heavy trance !
And leap into a dance
Such as no mortals use to tread :
Fit only for Apollo
To play to, for the moon to lead,
And all the stars to follow !



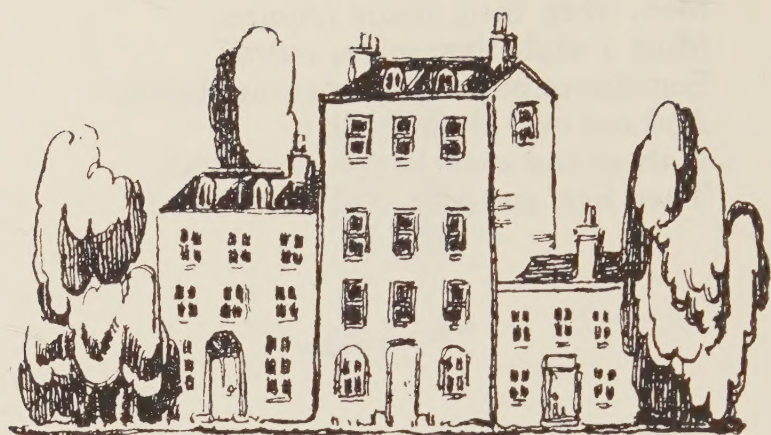
Song

NEVER love unless you can
Bear with all the faults of man :
Men sometimes will jealous be,
Though but little cause they see ;
And hang the head, as discontent,
And speak what straight they will repent.

Men that but one saint adore
Make a show of love to more ;
Beauty must be scorned in none,
Though but truly served in one :
For what is courtship but disguise ?
True hearts may have dissembling eyes.

Men, when their affairs require,
Must a while themselves retire ;
Sometimes hunt and sometimes hawk,
And not ever sit and talk :
If these and such-like you can bear,
Then like, and love, and never fear !

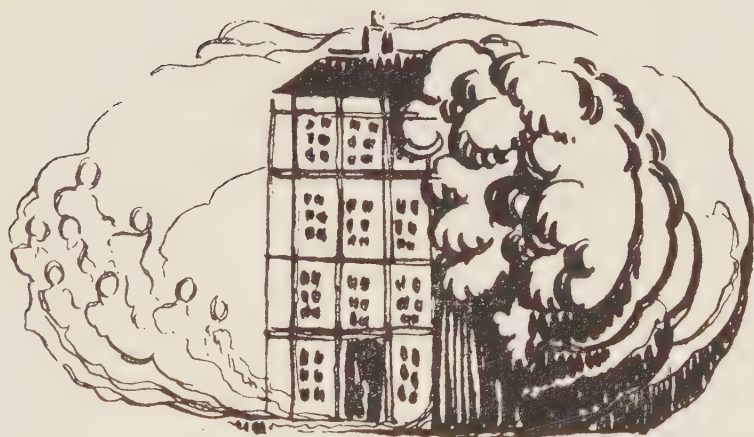




The Robin's Song

GOD bless the field and bless the furrow,
Stream and branch and rabbit burrow,
Hill and stone and flower and tree,
From Bristol Town to Wetherby—
Bless the sun and bless the sleet,
Bless the lane and bless the street,
Bless the night and bless the day,
From Somerset and all the way
To the meadows of Cathay ;

Bless the minnow, bless the whale,
Bless the rainbow and the hail,
Bless the nest and bless the leaf,
Bless the righteous and the thief,
Bless the wing and bless the fin,
Bless the air I travel in,
Bless the mill and bless the mouse,
Bless the miller's bricken house,
Bless the earth and bless the sea,
God bless you and God bless me !



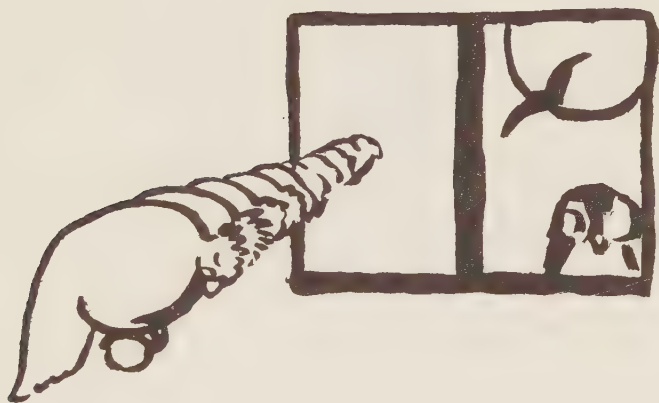
Melancholy

HENCE, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly !
There's nought in this life sweet,
If men were wise to see't,
But only melancholy,
O sweetest Melancholy !

Welcome, folded arms and fixé eyes,
A sigh that, piercing, mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound !

Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves ;

Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed save bats and owls ;
A midnight bell, a parting groan —
These are the sounds we feed upon !
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley :
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.



There is a Lady Sweet and Kind

THERE is a Lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind ;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

Cupid is wingéd and doth range,
Her country so my love doth change :
But change she earth, or change she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.





Vespers

O BLACKBIRD, what a boy you are !
How you do go it !
Blowing your bugle to that one sweet star—
How you do blow it !
And does she hear you, blackbird boy, so far ?
Or is it wasted breath ?
“ Good Lord ! She is so bright
To-night ! ”
The blackbird saith.



A Memory

FOUR ducks on a pond,
A grass-bank beyond,
A blue sky of spring,
White clouds on the wing ;
What a little thing
To remember for years—
To remember with tears !



The Parting

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part—
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me ;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.



The Old

THEY are waiting on the shore
For the bark to take them home :
They will toil and grieve no more ;
The hour for release hath come.

All their long life lies behind
Like a dimly blending dream :
There is nothing left to bind
To the realms that only seem.

They are waiting for the boat ;
There is nothing left to do :
What was near them grows remote,
Happy silence falls like dew ;
Now the shadowy bark is come,
And the weary may go home.



By still water they would rest
In the shadow of the tree :
After battle sleep is best,
After noise, tranquillity.



An *ODE*

I

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name :
Euphelia serves to grace my measure ;
But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay ;
When Chloe noted her desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise ;
But with my numbers mix my sighs :
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blush'd : Euphelia frowned :
I sung and gaz'd : I play'd and trembl'd :
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd, how ill we all dissembl'd.





The Sad Day

O THE sad day !
When friends shall shake their heads, and say
Of miserable me—
“ Hark, how he groans !
Look, how he pants for breath !
See how he struggles with the pangs of death ! ”

When they shall say of these dear eyes—
“ How hollow, O how dim they be !
Mark how his breast doth rise and swell
Against his potent enemy ! ”
When some old friend shall step to my bedside,
Touch my chill face, and thence shall gently slide.
But—when his next companions say
“ How does he do ? what hopes ? ”—shall turn away,
Answering only, with a lift-up hand—
“ Who can his fate withstand ? ”

Then shall a gasp or two do more
Than e'er my rhetoric could before :
Persuade the world to trouble me no more !



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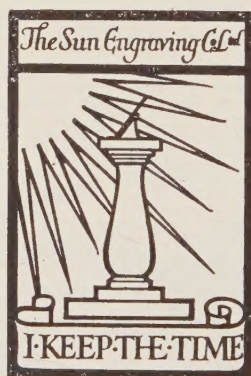
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